

A Promise to Help

By: Roland W. Peterson

**Dedicated to the Volunteers of the Red Cross
Aruba**

The water is up to my knee
Is it the place I want to be?
I made no oath,
Just a promise to me
There is no other place I want to be

I stretch my arm with the helping hand
A cold wet arm clings to my shoulder
The piercing screams make me shiver
I pull with all my strength on the band

Finally she is loose
With her little shivering, cold and
Wet body, she clings chokingly around my neck
I can hardly breathe as I try to keep
My head above the water

I am tired, have no more strength
I am going under
I keep pushing her above my head
Water is filling my lungs
There is a burning in my chest
But I can't let her go

Suddenly there is a strong hand that
Grabs my collar
It pulls me up
I still have her in my arms

Now we are on solid ground
To thank the person I turn around
But there was no hand
Just two footprints in the sand
And a little Red Cross that is so dear
Left behind by an unknown volunteer.